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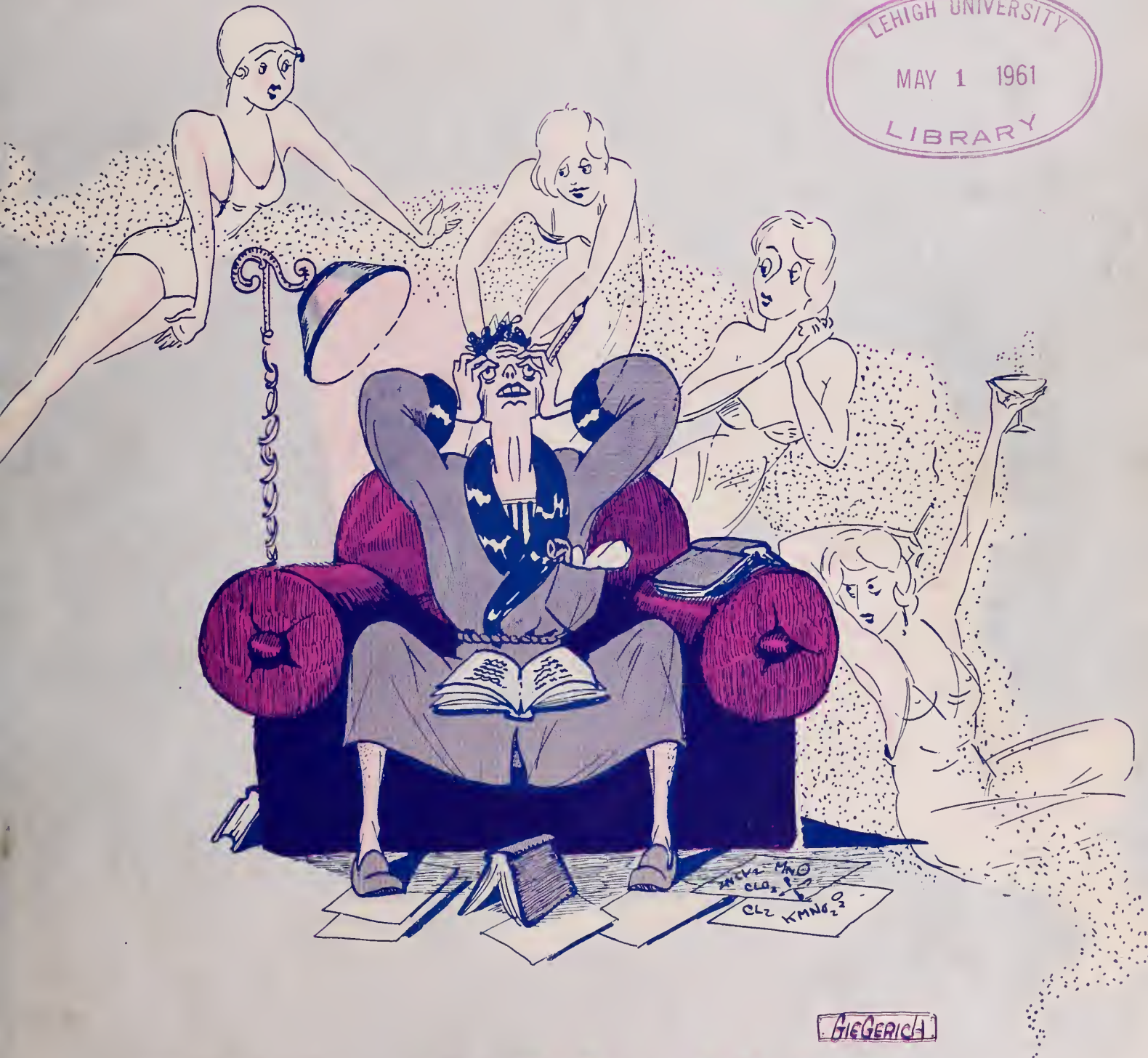
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v. 42

1931/32

THE LEHIGH BURR



POST VACATION DAZE

KEEP CARESSABLE



WAVE FAREWELL TO I. C.*

You might get by with B. O., "Athlete's Foot", or Ph. D., but I. C. is unforgivable. See EDWARD'S Fall fashions featuring an easier fitting, soft

construction coat with wider button-spacing on the lines of the British lounge suit. Why not have your next suit or topcoat custom-tailored by EDWARD?

\$38⁷⁵ \$28⁷⁵ \$24⁷⁵

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● You will find a wide choice of beautiful imported and domestic woolens. Ask to see the "Sturdiwear" worsteds at \$24.75.

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Keep a Regular TELEPHONE Date with Home



HERE'S A TIP for Freshman! Now you're at college, you can always "go home by telephone."

Regularly, or whenever you like, give Mother and Dad a call.

Tonight, for instance, pay them a "voice visit." Tell them how you're settling down. What a thrill they'll have to hear your voice—and maybe you won't enjoy it, too!

But, best of all, arrange to call home each week. That's a joy they'll look forward to as much as you.

~ ~ ~

FOR THE LOWEST COST AND GREATEST EASE

Set your "date" for after 8.30 P. M. and take advantage of the low Night Rates. (A dollar call is 60c at night; a 50c call is 35c.)

By making a date the folks will be at home. Thus you can make a Station to Station call rather than a more expensive Person to Person call.

Just give the operator your home telephone number. If you like, the charges can be reversed!



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Offers Lehigh Students' friends and families hotel accommodations equal to that found in the largest cities

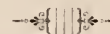
Our facilities are the best for class and fraternity dinners, banquets, etc.

"I was out with the new freshman co-ed last night."

"Were you, what's she like?"

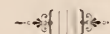
"Oh, roast beef, chicken, humming bird's wings, chocolate eclairs, sundaes—everything."

—Punch Bowl.



A backwoods mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost. "Well, if it ain't my old dad," he said as he looked in the mirror. "I never knew he had his pitcher took." He took the mirror home, stole into the attic to hide it, but his actions did not escape his suspicious wife. That night while he slept she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror. "M-m-m," she said, looking into it, "so that's the old bag he's been chasin'."

—Exchange.



Dear Dad:

Have decided to go your old Fraternity. The boys aren't so hot, but they have plans all made for a new house that will be the best on the campus.

Love,

Junior.

Dear Son:

Glad you like my Fraternity. Grandfather drew those plans when he was in the chapter, so you can be sure that the house will be a good one.

Love,

Dad.

—Bison.

DANCE WITH —

Geo. Doddy and His Recording Orchestra

in the

NEW BALL ROOM

of

THE HOTEL TRAYLOR

Allentown, Pa.

Every Saturday Night

Send Your Dress Shirts and Other Laundry

—to—

THE ALLEN
LAUNDRY AGENCY

at the Supply Bureau

TWO DAY SERVICE

SHOE REPAIRING

Modest little Agnes overslept, and being very hungry, she hurried down to the kitchen to get some breakfast, donning not even the most incidental habiliments. In fact, she ran down from her bedroom in her cute little pajamas. Suddenly she heard footsteps on the back porch—masculine, heavy, slow.

"The ice man!" thought Agnes in terror. He was at the door. No time to flee. Only time to step inside the closet which opened just off the kitchen. Safe!

The footsteps now were in the kitchen. Closer and closer they came. Horrors! They did not stop at the ice box. The man was approaching the closet in which little Agnes was tremblingly hiding!

Closer and closer . . . then, HE OPENED THE DOOR!

Agnes shrieked. It was not the ice man at all. It was the man who came to read the light meter which was in the closet. Agnes was surprised.

"Oh, excuse me," she exclaimed, "I was expecting the ice man."

"Lucky man," quoth the meter-reader.

—Sour Owl.

CO-EDS!



Soon She'll Be Calling Amoebas By Their First Names



Maybe, but she also keeps on speaking terms with the other animals on the campus.

Classrooms may teem with stern professors earnestly intent upon taking life seriously, but the Greek gods and goddesses of the campus demand a touch of gayety in their education. Something young, vivid, sparkling and exuberant.

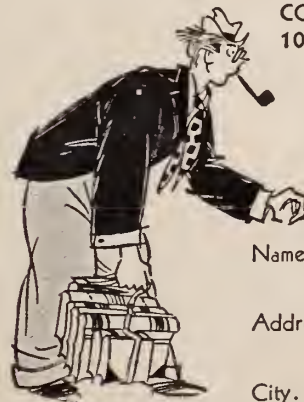
Dick Hyland's *Diary of a Football Player* is one of the literary surprises of the season. Leonora Baccante's *Can't We Be Friends?* is another. Every co-ed will want to read new things by Katharine Brush, O. O. McIntyre, Margaret Banning, Achmed Abdullah and Noël Coward—to mention but a few.



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9 Months (the school year) for \$2.00

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1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago



I've sold my Greek pony and am using another fellow's. Here's the \$2 for nine issues of COLLEGE HUMOR.

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A SPECIALTY

502 Broadway

George: "Please."
She: "No."
George: "OH Please!!"
She: "No!"
George: "Oh, please do!"
She: "Positively no!"
George: "Please, just this time."
She: "I said no!"
George: "Aw, Ma, all the other kids are going to the game."
—Blue Moon.

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HEATING - PLUMBING
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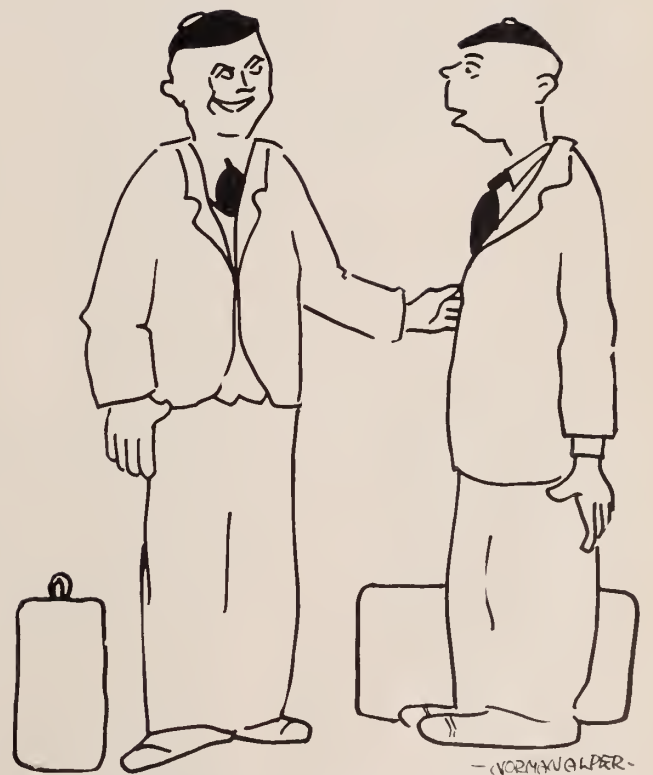
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For Information Address

G. B. CURTIS, Registrar
Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.



YOU GOING TO LEHIGH TOO?
LET'S WRESTLE



Douglass Brigham

THE LEHIGH BURR

VOL. XLII

OCTOBER, 1931

No. 1

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Exclusive rights granted to ~~College~~ humor magazine.

Issued during the college year by the students of Lehigh University in the following months: September, October, November, December, January, February, March, April, May and June.

Subscription, Two and a Quarter Dollars.

PRINTED BY THE LEHIGH PRINTING COMPANY, BETHLEHEM, PENNA.

The Editor-in-Chief is responsible for the editorial work and policy. The Business, Advertising, and Circulation Managers are each responsible for their respective department. All communications should be addressed to the respective department of THE LEHIGH BURR, Bethlehem, Pa., which they concern. THE LEHIGH BURR is entered at the Post Office at Bethlehem, Pa., as second class matter.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGE COMICS OF THE EAST.

EDITORIAL

Well, well, back to slavery! What a pity the summer couldn't have lasted till the middle of November, but that would have been making too much of a good thing.

With this issue Wee Burro says hello to everyone, and now that we're all here let's get going! Don't take life too seriously. Don't take yourself too seriously. Laugh! Humor is the grease that keeps the axle of the world from squeaking. Wee Burro, in his assinine way will shake his shaggy ears at life and adverse criticism and will do his level best to come back with a typical kick and a truly contagious jackass bray, just to make you laugh and forget exams and that demon calculus. See the brighter side of life and laugh with Wee Burro!

Competition

Burro formally opens a competition with this issue for membership on the art and editorial staffs.

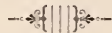
There will be no men taken on whose work does not appear in at least three CONSECUTIVE issues of the BURR. The object is not to admit men whose work is a finished product, but to correct and encourage those who show promise and who are vitally interested in publications and — the BURR. The ultimate limit of necessary material depends upon the amount of material printed and on the individual himself.

Any man who submits a joke or another article which has appeared in any other publication without so stating the source will be summarily dropped from the competitors.

The competition is open to ALL classes.



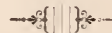
"THE EMPRESS EUGENIE I PRESUME?"



"He's so forgetful. He threw his wife out of the tenth story window."

"Forgetful?"

"Yeh, he forgot that they'd moved from the first floor!"

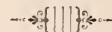


..Sigma Chi (during rushing season)—Would you like to come over to dinner with us?

Frosh—Where is your house?

Sigma Chi—Why-ah, we're over on Broad street.

Frosh—No thanks. I came here to college, not to hitch-hike.



Prof: "James, why is it that your essay 'My Mother' reads word for word like your brother John's?"

James: "Well, professor, we both have the same mother."

An Interview With Mr. I. Puncture for the Wisconsin "Gazuncus"—

"Aw, come on," I muttered, "tell me about yourself." This was to Mr. I. Puncture, the famous pin sticker. (The guy wat's stuck more pins in things than you'n me put together.)

"Well," says he, as he warily pulled his foot out from beneath mine, "I got my big chance in the first grade at school. You see, I stuck pins in the kids who sat in front of me in the geog'phy class. Funny they didn't like it. They didn't see the point.

"Wasn't that just too cute of you for words," I gushed. And when I gush, I gush. Phooey!

"That is putting it sharply," he resumed, flicking the spray from his long grey whiskers. (Maybe he was clean shaven, It doesn't matter.)

"Oh yes, I kept on sticking pins into people for well on nigh to four years—or perhaps it was four years and two days—when a curious freak of nature started me on the road to success as a pin sticker. My dear old father—the low life—was getting ready one evening to dedicate the corner saloon and there was the nicest boiled shirt on the chair—the only chair we had in the house—yep, the nicest shirt you ever saw. I couldn't resist the temptation, and I stuck it so full of pins it looked like a hay stack."

"But, I thought needles are always in hay stacks," I argued, taking my hand out of his pocket.

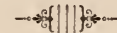
He let this sally pass (I can't think of Sally's last name.)

"Then I got a job in a laundry. And a dirty job that was. I'm still at it, and let me tell you sticking those 54 pins into a shirt to holf the left cuff is no easy trick. Due to the depression we've been cutting down on the number of pins in each shirt. There are only 654 in a 12½ shirt now."

He pulled out a pin.

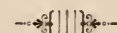
I couldn't say a thing. The words stuck in my throat!

"Good day," I finally croaked, pinning my gaze on him. "Sorry I can't sit down to dinner with you."



Frosh: "Been running all over town trying to get something for my girl."

Soph: "Get any offers?"



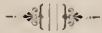
Times are so hard that the wages of sin have been cut.

FALL STYLES

What the well dressed undergraduate will wear, according to latest reports:

Underwear (trunks and jersey)
Socks and shoes
Pants (optional but desired)
Shirt
Tie
Vest
Coat

Changes should be made in underwear once every two weeks whether needed or not, and in socks at the first trace of stiffness.



What's the baby's name?

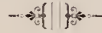
He's not old enough yet to talk for herself.

NEWS ITEM—

There are 6,789,468 hot dog stands in the U. S.

(Some baloney! Eh kid?)

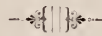
Saw a Beta during the rush-rush season. He swears they had a freshman up for lunch, but they couldn't find him afterward.



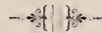
Football Scout — Coach, last week I saw one of the finest backs you'll ever hope to see.

Coach—Where is he prepping?

Football Scout — It's a she, coach. She was on the beach at Atlantic City where she's trying to get on George White's Scandals.

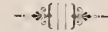


His feet were so big, he went to Canada to stamp out forest fires.



“—so I married three women. Wasn't that big o' me?”

Jack married his stenographer. Yeh, he's takin' dictation now.



NEWS ITEM—

In the state of New York a man is run over every ten minutes. (What a man!)



He went off in a tantrum.

(No, not a two-seated bicycle. Heh! Heh!)



“What's the difference between a Jewish newspaper and a radio?”

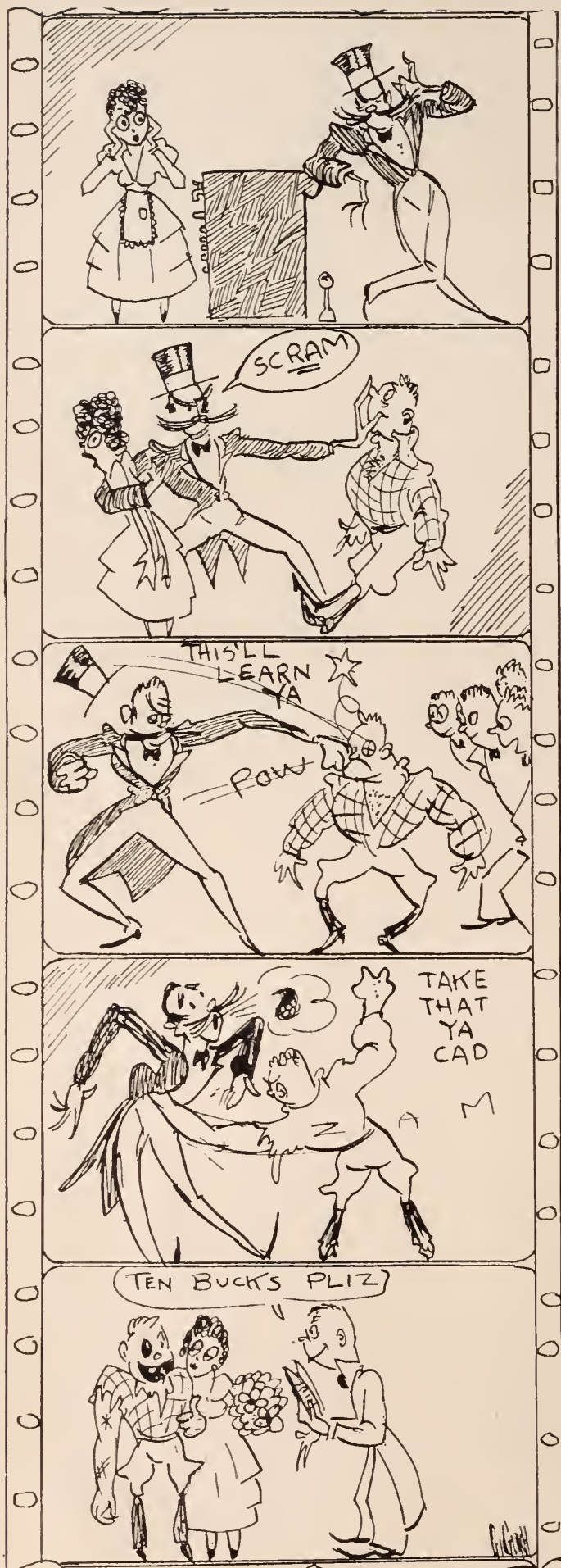
“You can't get a herring out of a radio.”



Advice to homesick freshmen
—Go home.



THE COLGATE SCRUB TEAM



Nasturtium Nell

"Nasturtium" Nell was known quite well
From Lehigh to New York;
The finest little barmaid gal
That ever pulled a cork.

And all the boys were all her friends;
She helped to make their fun.
Each fellow tried at wooin' her;
She listened, but loved none.

For thirteen years, she helped tap kegs
'Till she was twenty-six,
And then one day a dandy came
Who looked like Richard Dix.

He strolled into old Stitzel's shop
And ordered drinks around.
He was a stranger to the boys,
For he was "Jake the Hound."

Poor Nell was held by his sharp eye;
She leaned against the coils.
This "Jake the Hound," had spotted her;
He thought, "She'll be my spoils."

But thru' the swinging doors there came
A guy named Al McKee.
"We've got a date," he called to Nell;
Jake said, "She goes with me."

Now Al was quite a husky lad
And didn't take no sass.
"You'll take that back, you dirty lug."
At Jake, he took a pass.

His first wild swing went wide and low;
Al's knuckles smacked the bar.
It shook the house from stem to stern;
The crash was heard afar.

Nell clapped her hands in sheer delight;
"Great stuff," she cried aloud.
The din increased to such a pitch
It drew in quite a crowd.

Nell never missed a chance to make
Mazuma on the side.
She charged the crowd two bits to see
Them punch each other's hide.

(Continued on Page 25)

FISH AND MORE FISH

For the glory of God and the confucian of his enemies, we hereby dedicate this copy of the
 "Lehigh Valley Salmond Cannery for Little and Medium Sized Fishes Company"

archives to the perpetuation of the memory of a little friend and running mate — Miss Jean W——, through whose
 inspiration we rejoice even now, in the depths of despondency.

Thursday—

Dear Bill—

I've been going to write you and give you hell ever since I got your letter last Fall, but that not being my favorite occupation I never got around to it—and under the circumstances what else could I write you about?

I've just been home and gotten hell myself so I'm in the mood to pass it on. Mother went ranting on about not having any picture of me and said she thought I was going to get back the one you took—and when I told her I hadn't even tried I was in for it and how! Do you think that was a nice thing to let a poor little harmless and defenseless girl in for? Probably you think it's funny—but I don't. I want that picture, Bill, and will you please send it back to me. I don't think it's a bit amusing—and how could I have helped it? I never imagined that any friend (?) of mine would do such a lousy trick. If you will please send it back, I shall be exceedingly grateful. It is rather too bad to have to feel grateful for the return of stolen goods, don't you think?

Waiting expectantly—

Jean.

Monday—

Dear Jean,

Probably you wonder why you haven't received the picture as yet, I guess I'll just have to break down and tell you the truth.

When I came down here a freshman last year, I bought a half interest in the Lehigh Valley Salmon

Cannery which as you undoubtedly know is situated at Nazareth, Pa. During this past year owing to the business depression, I was forced to use your picture on the labels in order to give the cans sex appeal. Probably you don't realize what an important part sex appeal plays in the salmon canning industry, but you will when I tell you that our product immediately became the catch word for phenomenal success throughout the fish buying public's world.

Unfortunately we only had six thousand labels printed before the press got fire through unconsumed desire and burnt to the ground destroying the proofs at the same time. The six thousand cans with your picture on sold like wild fire bringing as they did, beauty into the lives of hundreds of fish buyers. At the present time all the labels are either destroyed or misplaced or I would send you one. But so that you will realize how they helped to relieve the monotony of life, I will do my best to describe them to you.

I transposed your head on the body of a mermaid that is pictured rising from the depths. In one hand, she grasps a trident tastefully jammed into a large salmond, while in the other hand she grasps another large salmond with which she is enticing Neptune to forsake the solitude of his watery kingdom for the heights of platonic love. For lack of a better, I had my own poor face transposed onto Neptune, but as I have a four days beard—I still manage to do the old boy justice. Around the picture I have a band of lovely orange salmonds playfully biting each other in the tail. This entire picture is tastefully set on a background of faintly tinted fish scales. On the back is the notice of compliance with the pure food laws

of America as well as the name of our product, "Rocky River's Roistering Rollicking Salubrious Salmon."

I wish I could return your picture but it has been misplaced in the business archives. However I know you'll understand and forgive me when you realize that you saved a growing concern from bankruptcy. I wait an answer assuring me of your forgiveness and of your appreciation for my keen business acumen.

Pictorially yours,

Bill.

Friday—

Bill—

Apparently you still think you're clever and amusing. I still don't.

You needn't bother to write me, but if I don't have that picture very soon, Mother is going to write

and find out why not. I have sent her your address.

You might as well send it now—and not bother telling me about any more salmon canneries.

Jean.

Monday—

Dear Jean,

I wait the form letter of thanks for removing that (religiously omitted) picture from your Mother.

Although not averse to young ladies whims still I think you do the "Lehigh Valley Salmon Cannery for Little and Medium Sized Fishes" a great injustice.

Bill.

Prof: There are at least two sides to everything.

Stud: Sir, have you ever seen a girl's bathing suit?

—Pitt Panther.



"What kind of a dress did Sue wear to the party last night?"

"I think it was checked."

"Baaabbeee! That must have been a real party.

—Purple Parrot.



And there was the flag-pole sitter who died and had to be brought down to half-mast.

—Puppet.



We hear that in the nexa Harvard Varsity Show they're going to hire some real chorus girls to give the affair a little tougher aspect.

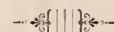
—Stone Mill.

Old Maid (hopefully): Who's under the bed?

Voice: Nobody but us shoes.

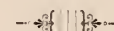
Old Maid: Aw, heck!

—Sniper.



They call it Inertia gin — it keeps you spinning after you shut off the juice.

—Widow.

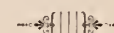


OVERHEARD AT THE PROM

"Stop! Please don't do that, dear. Stop! Do you hear me? Stop!"

"What do you think you're doing, writing a telegram?"

—Punch Bowl.



Prof. What kind of leather makes the best shoes?

Jim: I don't know, but banana skins make good slippers.

—Pit Panther.

—Medley.

THE CHARGE OF THE BRIGHT BRIGADE

Half a league forward,
 Fourth a league backward,
 All in the valley of Lehigh
 Rode the five hundred. (freshmen)
 "Forward the Bright Brigade!"
 Pace not the bridge!" he said.
 Into the valley of Lehigh
 Rode the five hundred. (freshmen)

"Forward the Bright Brigade!"
 Was there a man who swayed? (not yet)
 Although the bartender knew
 Someone would blunder.
 Theirs not to make it rye,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to try and be dry.
 Into the valley of Lehigh
 Rode the five hundred. (freshmen)

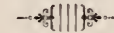
Chi Psi to right of them,
 Phi Delt to left of them,
 Phi Gam in front of them,
 Back-slapped and squandered;
 Played for with dinner and belle,
 Boldly they rode, but fell,
 Into the letters of Greek,
 Into the mouth of hell (and how)
 Rode the five hundred. (freshmen)



PARDON ME SIR BUT WOULD YOU MIND
 PAYING ME THE CHECK BEFORE YOU DRINK
 THAT.



THE BLOW THAT KILLED FATHER



Tried they the marks to ensnare,
 Textbooks they pounded for fair.
 What could their progress impair?
 All the Profs. wondered.
 Surrounded by valentine smoke,
 Right thru the haze they broke.
 Physics and Algebra
 Reel'd from the awful stroke
 Shattered and plundered.
 Then they rode onward,
 Triumphant five hundred. (freshmen)

Finals to right of them,
 Finals to left of them,
 Finals in front of them
 Volleyed and thundered;
 Whose genius would this not dispell?
 U-Drivers and beer-drinkers fell,
 They that had striven so well,
 Come thru the clutches of Curtis, (ha,ha)
 Came thru the jaws of hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of five hundred. (freshmen)

"Well, miss, are you the farmer's daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'm selling brassieres."

"Brassieres? What are they?"

"My name's Jones — Jasper Jones!"

—Bison.



AN EPITAPH

Heave a sigh
for Peter Zout
for poor old Peter,
petered out.



What do you consider the greatest Greek tragedy?
Well it's a toss-up between Theta Delt and Beta
Theta Pi.

WE BEG TO DIFFER

Summer's for resting in luxury,
Autumn for waiting to freeze,
Winter's for home and its habits,
Spring for its hopes and its breeze.

'Tis said of a youth's idle fancy,
To turn then to thoughts of love;
And youth has ne'er changed its habit
From the foolishness mentioned above.

Oft' wondering has now impelled me
To state I see no fact,
Why man should restrict his wooing.
To a season such as that.

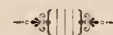
In the start it's bare and quite barren,
In the end a too brilliant green;
All our landscape is under repair then,
And nature's beauty can't be seen.

Why even we're getting accustomed
To styles disliked at the first,
And last summer's fruit is still eaten,
And too strong drinks quench our thirst.

I'll never be able to savvy
Why love should burst forth with the trees
When in summer it's better accomplished,
'Neath the crescent above restful seas.

So might I suggest less restriction
To the season when mating is done,
For it's foolish to wait at all ever
When there's work that might be begun.

Remember technique must be practiced
AS constant as rolls the wave,
Always increase that love making habit
And by habit make love your slave.



Dear Sympathetic Miss Barefacts—

My boy friend is a minor. He wants to take me
down in a coal mine. What shall I do?

—Troubled.

Ans.—

Sounds like dirty work. Don't let him pick on you.
Miss (Herself) Barefacts.

It seems there was a charity ball being held for the benefit of old and decrepit icemen with fallen arm-pits in one of the Bowery districts of an eastern metropolis one Tuesday evening.

The story opens as our hero saunters up to the Get Your Kiss booth with the intention of making a few osculations.

"How much are they?" inquires our hero boldly.

"Twenty-five cents, fifty cents and seventy-five cents," came back the reply from the pretty damsel behind the counter, shifting her gum to the left cheek.

"Huh!" cries our man, a bit taken back, but he stays on his feet and comes back fast with a "What's the idea of the three prices?"

"Well," replied the kiss lady, preparing for immediate action by parking her gum in her vanity, "twenty-five cents, you do all the work; fifty cents, I help a little, and seventy-five cents, you just hang on—how many?"

—Jack-O-Lantern.



COME HORACE —
LETS DANCE

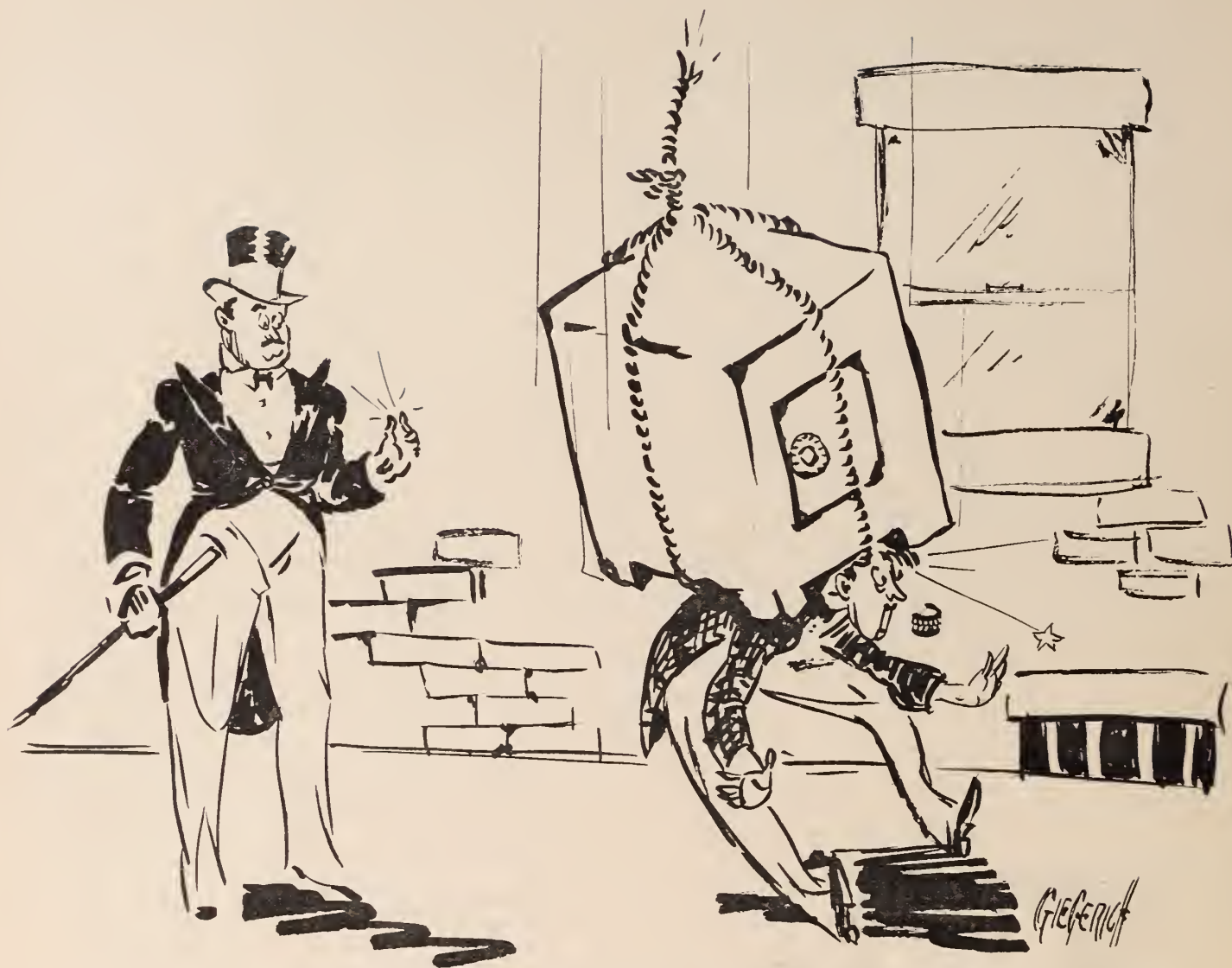


HE WAS ONLY A FRESHMAN, BUT HE SURE
KNEW HIS COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

A GRAMMATICAL KISS

A kiss is a pronoun because she stands for it;
It is masculine and feminine gender mixed; therefore, common;
It is a conjunction because it connects;
It is plural because it calls for another;
It is an interjection, at least it sounds like one;
It is singular because there is nothing like it;
It is usually in apposition with a caress; at any rate, it is sure to follow;
It is a preposition because it governs an objective case;
A kiss may be conjugated but never declined;
However, it is not an adverb because it cannot be compared, but it is a phrase that expresses feeling.

—Beanpot.



BY JOVE!! THAT REMINDS ME. THE WIFE TOLD ME TO GET HASH FOR DINNER.

I. Filim, the knife grinder, may think that things are dull, but Bill D,Mup, the brick layer, says that its a hod, hod life.



Waiter—"Zoup, zoup, sir?"

Diner—"I don't know what you're talking about."

Waiter—"Well, you know what hash is. Well, zoup is looser."

—Log.

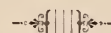


"I changed my mind."

"Hope it works better than the last one."

"—you shouldn't have taken that umbrella in the first place!"

"It wasn't in the first place, it was the second."



"How do you like the cabinet pudding?"

"Well, I've got a mouthful of splinters so far!"..



It was a deep mystery; even the trees were stumped.

A WORD TO THE WISE

With a suit from Sears and Roebuck,
With a hat from God knows where,
With not a brain and lots of luck
We find him waiting there.

From some prep school in Peoria
He arrived with one swelled head,
But now we're going to floor ya
'Till you realize you're dead.

You think you'll join a frat club,
You think you're one wise guy,
Why you're the funniest looking dub
That's entering Lehigh.

Just look here young fellow
And listen dag-goned hard,
You'll always say hello
And keep your spark retard.

You're lower now than cellars
And your usefulness is nil,
You're not a bunch of "hellers"
You're just an awful pill.

We hope to make in four years
A guy that's pretty swell
From all your lousy freshmen
But it'll be hard as hell.



She was only a so-and-so's
daughter, but she sure did know
how to so and so.



"Did you hear the one about the big bed?"
"No, what is it?"
"Some bunk."

—Malteaser.



He: Were you girls lucky at poker last night?
Then: Yes, we showed them something.

—Rice Owl

THE TWENTY A'S

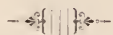
A piece of impudence.
A morsel of pride.
A lump of conceit.
A mass of affectation.
A bundle of nerves.
A particle of proof.
A scrap of reason.
A shred of excuse.
A fragment of significance.
A speck of scandal.
A grain of common sense.
An ounce of prevention.
A morsel of encouragement.
A crumb of comfort.
A bit of advice
A rag of reputation.
A remnant of logic.
A snip of a boy.
A slip of a girl.
A chip of the old block.



"I SEE BY THE PAPERS THAT THERE IS
GOING TO BE A DROP IN THE BUILDING
TRADE."

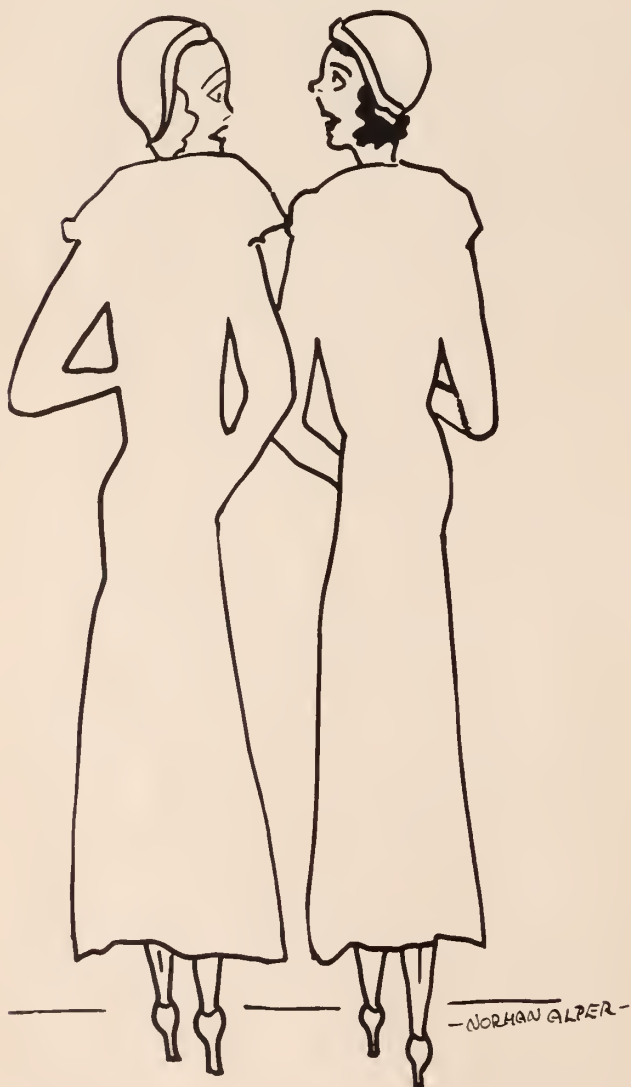
She: They say that if you dance less on your heels, and more on your toes, you save shocking your nervous system.

It: Yes! And I'll say, that if you dance more on your heels, and less on my toes, you'd save my shoes!



Joshing the K. K. K.

I think you're "stringing me," he cried
You "have me up a tree."
He wriggled twice, and then he died;
It was a "Hanging Bee."



I'M GLAD I DON'T LIKE SPINACH, BECAUSE
IF I LIKED IT I'D EAT IT AND I HATE IT.

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

How lovely she seemed to him, as she lay seductively on the davenport with her beautiful face thrown back. His pulses quickened. It was almost too much for mortal restraint. It seemed that the most important thing in life, the only worth-while ambition, was to kiss the sweet lips of this girl, the girl who personified the ideal of all his past dreams. He looked at her side; there was just room for him to sit beside her in blissful proximity but instinct told him that this idyllic girl would never permit such intimate familiarity. Her smiling lips were parted, the entrance to that alluring fount of enchantment from which no pilgrim had ever drunk. Her eyes, shining with deep lustre, to his yearning being seemed like limpid pools of purple puddles. They drew him on; to his feverish mind they seemed to invite him to taste of the unleavened heaven beneath. He had always prided himself upon his self-restraint, but tonight he was tempted to the last iota of his strength. But he contained himself, for to succumb to his desires would ruin irrevocably his chances of winning this wonderful girl.

The temptation was too great. He felt himself slipping. He realized the disaster was imminent. He wiped the dank perspiration from his brow. Like a flash, however, a means of salvation opened to his mind. He would tell her and imbibe some of her cool, confident strength. Like a cataract the words tumbled from his parched lips.

"Ruth—Ruth darling, I can't stand this any longer. I must confess this—this sacrilege. I have been waiting ages for an opportunity to—to kiss you!"

Despairingly he saw her friendly eyes grow cold. She drew herself up haughtily, and her scornful glance shrivelled his very soul.

"Sir, you may go — go at once, before I call Father. Here is my brother's card, whom I advise you to see as soon as possible. Good night."

As he passed, cold and heartbroken, to his home, he glanced dully at the card in his hand. These words planted themselves with a dull thud in his consciousness:

WM. B. HOLCOMB

Oculist.

BOBBY AND BOOBY HATCH THE ENQUIRING REPORTERS



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He was always sleeping in class. There he sat, in the front row, with his eyes closed and his mouth open, from one end of the hour to the other. At last the professor could stand it no longer. One day, when the discussion had been particularly intricate, he stopped in the middle of his lecture and said:

"Gentlemen, we have been working on the hardest problem in this course and there sits the man who needs it most, asleep!"

The student gently opened one eye and whispered so that all might hear, "I wish to God, I were."

—Lampoon.



Kit—"When I get married, I'm going to cook, sew, darn my husband's socks, and lay out his pipe and slippers. What more can any husband ask than that?"

Jac.—"Nothing, girl, unless he was evil-minded."

—Phoenix.

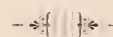


Dean: Don't you know you shouldn't play strip poker?

Sweet Young Thing: Oh, it's perfectly all right. It's really not gambling.

S.Y.T.: No; you see we get all our clothes back.

—Utah Crimson.



Lawyer: You want to divorce these women? Can you name any co-respondents?

King Solomon: Not offhand, of course, but I strongly suspect the 97th Regiment of the Royal Light Infantry.

—Goblin.

THE TRYST

One by one his lean, nervous fingers removed the shining instruments from their case and placed them on the table. Dozens of them: short, heavy ones; long, thin, fantastic ones, all glinting in the meagre light which filtered into the apartment. Instruments which she had never seen; that caused her soul to creep for very fascination. Frozen, she gazed, spell-bound by the unexpectedness of it all. She had long had a gnawing anticipation of this day, but now she could scarcely realize its portent.

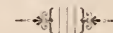
Having arranged each piece, he straightened up; settled a look of baleful satisfaction upon her, as if awaiting an answer. But none came; no sound save an occasional choking sob wrenched from her throat broke the awful silence. The seconds grew into minutes, the minutes into hours. Still he bent that soul-raking stare upon her.

Then he spoke.

"This is not all. Not all by half." He was mocking her. "Again I shall come, and when I go, then you shall see and know all. For a year from today I shall return. Mark you well that you have your answer ready." And he swept the shining instruments into their case.

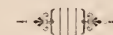
And so the Fuller Brush Man took his leave.

—Lampoon.



Lecturer—Potts was a great man. At his death three towns were named after him; Pottsville, Pottstown, and Chambersburg.

—Wesleyan Wasp.



The weighing machine was out of order. A fat lady clambered on and inserted a penny. An inebriated gentleman standing in the vicinity saw the scale register 75 pounds. "My God," he whispered, "she's hollow!"

Jack-o'-Lantern.

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With a stealthy tread he let himself in at the door. It was late and all the lights in the apartment were out, save one which glowed feebly in the corner of the room. For a moment he looked around, then turned and tiptoed over toward the feeble light.

"Oh!" just as he had suspected, his wife was sitting there in the arms of another man! Well, he would show them!

He reached into his pocket and noiselessly took out a revolver. Two shots rang out and the two lovers slumped down on the sofa.

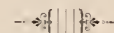
He put his gun back into his pocket and moved closer to inspect his work.

"Curses!" he cried, "I'm in the wrong apartment."
—Siren



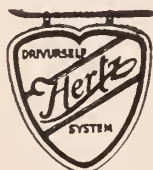
He: Gee, I'm hot.
She: Don't brag.

—Yellow Jacket.



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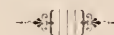
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Bethlehem

"That means fight where I come from, stranger."

"Well, why don't you fight?"

"'Cause I ain't where I'm from."

—Purple Cow.



Housemother—"When you came home last night, you said you'd been to the Grand, now you say it's the Metropolitan."

Suspect—"When I came home I couldn't say Metropolitan."

—Ski-U-Mah.



Prof.—"Who was the greatest actor of antiquity?"

Senior—"Samson. He pulled down the house."

—Wampus.

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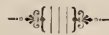
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NEWPORT PALM BEACH



© BROOKS BROTHERS

"Help! they're tryin' to put me on the spot," said
the cleaning fluid.

—Blue Moon.



Our idea of the best joke of the season: The direc-
tions on a whiskey prescription . . . Two tablespoon-
fuls every three hours.

—Rice Owl.



"—and mother," said little Betty enthusiasti-
cally describing her first morning at Sunday school,
"Onward Christian Soldiers' was the theme song."

—Siren.



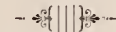
Proprietor—What! What! You have a child?

Prospective Tenant—But it's such a little one!

—Boulevardier.

In Boccaccio, it's frankness;
In Rabelais, it's life;
In a professor, it's clever,
And in a college comic, it's smutty.

—M.I.T. Voo Doo.



The evening was superb — gentle breezes were
ruffling the thick moonbeams that poured down
upon that idyllic woodland nook where their road-
ster was parked. They embraced. He kissed her fer-
vently while she gazed dreamily and longingly into
his eyes. Did he mistake that look? He whispered a
few words into her ear. A strange look came into
her eyes and she slapped him. "Let's not talk shop,"
she said. "I'm so happy to get away for a change."

—Octopus.

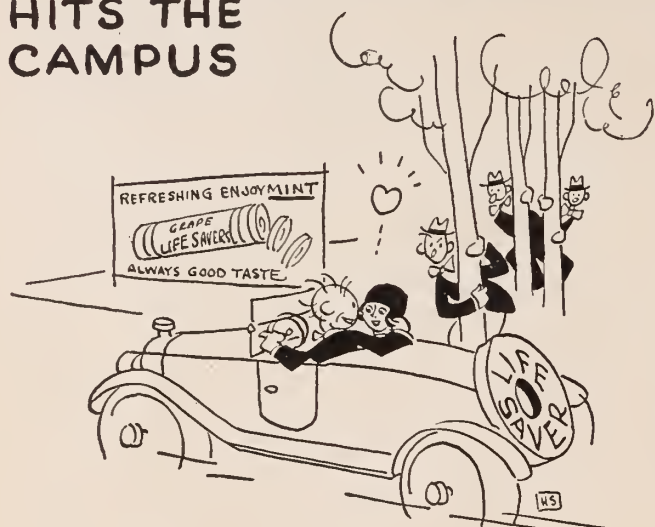


The Dean: Young man, there is no place for
drinking in this college.

Young man: What an oversight. I'll have to find
a place at once.

—Pup.

A NEW TASTE SENSATION HITS THE CAMPUS



And it's a **LIFE SAVER**
FOR DEAR OLD WHOOSIS

333 COLLEGE COMICS

WRONG ROOM

Guide: On our right we have the palatial home of Mr. Gould.

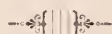
Old Lady: John Jay Gould?

Guide: No, Arthur Gould. And on the left is the residence of Mr. Vanderbilt.

Old Lady: Cornelius Vanderbilt?

Guide: No, Reginald Vanderbilt. And in front is the First Church of Christ. (To Old Lady) Now's your chance.

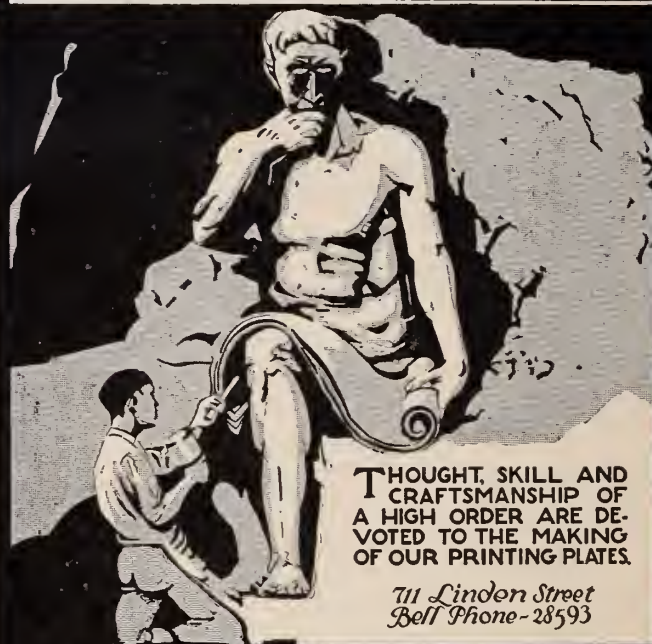
—Log.



When the smooth little, soft little, sweet little girl edges up to you on the sofa, and the lights are low (or completely out), and there isn't a sound anywhere, and she slips a dainty little arm around your neck, and murmurs "Big boy kiss me," why man, throw away your package of Murads. That's no time to be nonchalant.

—Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern.

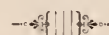
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ALLENTOWN, PENNA.

Lamp Post: Have this one on me.

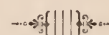
Dog: No, thanks, just had one on the house.



FAMOUS LAST WORD

"I don't know why you spent all that money and then drove away out here, because I don't allow boys to kiss me."

—Brown Jug.



THE ONLY WAY

Then there was the Scotchman who was engaged to a girl who got so fat that he wanted to break off the engagement. But the girl couldn't get the ring off, so he had to marry her.

—Puppet.

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NASTURTIIUM NELL

(Continued from Page 10)

For ten long days the battle raged;
The people came from 'far.
They filled the room until they made
A bleachers on the bar.

But finally Jake, that dirty skunk;
He used his right to lead.
Al clipped him neatly in the puss;
Lord! how that man did bleed.

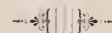
Al saw his chance was now at hand;
Socked Jake upon the jaw.
Three fellows pushed the crowd aside
As Jake flew thru' the door.

Nell locked her paw in Al's strong arm
And said, "The gate receipts
Are large enough for us to hitch
And buy us plenty eats."

The preacher stood upon a keg
Amid a burst of laughter
And hitched the hero of this poem
For good and all hereafter.

Wife to hubby who has stumbled over a chair in
the dark trying to get to bed after a large evening:
"Is that you, John?"
"Yesh, m'dear, if 'taint I'm going to 'ply for a
divorshe."

—America's Humor.



"What am de name of yore child, Sister Prunel-
la?"
"Ah calls him 'Death'."
"'At am a funny name; wherefor you call 'at
child 'Death'?"
"Ain't you heard dat ole saying, 'The wages of sin
am Death'?"

—Mountain Goat.



"Hey waiter, I can't eat this meat, it's all gristle.
"That's tough."

—Lyre.

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Herlock Sholmes'

Great Discovery

Herlock Sholmes while on one of his important cases, stopped in a lunch car for a bite to eat. While his order was being prepared, his observant glance roved keenly around the room. Suddenly he gave a mighty start, and stared fixedly at the red-hot stove. Dr. Watson, his companion, thrilled, for he knew from experience that the great sleuth's perturbation indicated the discovery of some wonderful phenomenon. He waited, for he knew that the great disclosure would be made at the opportune time.

Suddenly the renowned investigator spoke in the slow, musing tone he so effected.

"The coffepot and the kettle are singing," he said.

Dr. Watson leaned back in disappointment. But there is nothing strange about that," he protested.

Sholmes gazed at him pityingly, indulgently. "No, there isn't. But," and here he lowered his voice mysteriously. "Dr. Watson, they are singing for a wager!"

"Nonsense."

"I can prove it," replied Sholmes stoutly."

"How?"

Sholmes' voice rose triumphantly. "Because," he said, "the frying pan is in the middle holding the steaks!"



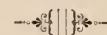
Our idea of an unbeatable combination is Methuselah's age and Solomon's wives.

—Mountain Goat.

"And now my proud beauty, what would you say if I should knock you dead?"

"Oh, nothing, you brute; I guess I'd be struck speechless."

—Lyre.

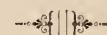


Teacher: "Who is your favorite author?"

Stude: "My Dad."

Teacher: "What did he write?"

Stude: "Checks."



He: Oh, pardon me! Isn't this the men's dorm?

She (frantically): No! And don't you dare come near Room 27, third room on the left in the north corridor.

—Froth.

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Quick Service — 4 Barbers

*Bricker's*  
**GOLDEN FLAKE**  
**BREAD**

**BETHLEHEM BAKING CO.**

Telephone 662

Rock and rye, baby,  
From the flask top,  
When you feel full,  
I hope you will stop,  
You're so darned drunk that you can't even see.  
Rock and rye baby, keep some for me.

—❧—

One—For two hours I've worked on this French exam, and I can't do anything with it.

Two — French! Migod, Charlie, you're in the wrong room. That's Spanish!

—Black and Blue Jay.

—❧—

"Why did you quit your job?"

"The boss was so bowlegged I fell through his lap."

—Texas Longhorn.

—❧—

"He laughed when I sat down at the piano—So I ups and smashed him in the puss."

—Cornell Widow.



## SILVERBERG & GOLDBERG

CUSTOM TAILORS

Exclusive Haberdashery

212 West Fourth Street

We rent Tux's

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Phone 2521 or 9207

Established 1917

Give us a trial. You'll always come back. We cater to banquets and parties. Try our delicious pies and famous coffee.

STEAKS and SEA FOOD  
A SPECIALTY

218 West Fourth Street  
Bethlehem, Pa.

## THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK & TRUST CO.

Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

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|                     |                |
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| Capital and Surplus | \$1,500,000.00 |
| Trust Fund          | 3,000,000.00   |

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R. S. TAYLOR, President  
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JESSE M. BODDER, Cashier  
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Oldest Bank in Bethlehem

Pat: Well, how's your football team this year?

Mike: Pretty good.

Pat: Fine, let's hire a couple of professors and start a university!

—Owl.



"College certainly isn't all beer and skittles."

"I should say not! I haven't seen a skittle since I've been here."

—Mercury.

## LEHIGH PRINTING COMPANY

College Printers

Why not see us for that next job of  
Fraternity Printing?

436 Wyandotte Street, Bethlehem



PLANTERS NUT &  
CHOCOLATE CO.  
U.S.A. and Canada

**W**HENEVER you are hungry, call for Planters Salted Peanuts. Not only delicious, but highly nourishing. The 5c glassine bag of Planters contains more calories than a helping of egg-and-tomato salad that would cost 30c in most restaurants! No wonder Planters Peanuts are called "*The Nickel Lunch*"!

**PLANTERS**  
**SALTED PEANUTS**



# *"I liked Chesterfield right from the start"*

"**N**O, I don't know a blessed thing about how cigarettes are made. But, of course, I do want them **PURE**. And I've heard that the blending is very important; I want *that* to be just right.

"Then the paper. I don't like to taste it. Or smell it when it's burning. I want that *pure* too.

"Another thing. I want to smoke whenever I feel like it—so I want my cigarettes **MILD**. But the main thing, of course, is **TASTE**. I don't care for over-sweetened cigarettes. I prefer them *just sweet enough*.

"Chesterfield seems to satisfy in every one of these ways. That's why I'd *rather* have a Chesterfield."

+++



This pair of perfect shirts

## SHOOT AN EAGLE!



Two points better than par

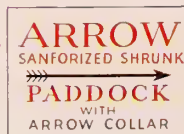
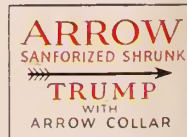
1. *both are* **ARROW SANFORIZED-SHRUNK**
2. *both are* **GUARANTEED for PERMANENT FIT**

**W**HETHER you are majoring in brassie shots or economics, you want a shirt that stays on the fairway . . . that keeps its style and fit and form in the face of tough wear and tougher away-from-home laundries.

We make shirts like that—Arrow Trump and Arrow Paddock. Each one goes the average “good” shirt *two* better. First, these shirts are Sanforized-Shrunk . . . which means they are put through a new and exclusive Arrow process that insures you forever against their shrinking out of fit, no matter how often they’re washed. Collars will never tighten to choke you, cuffs will never creep up your wrists. Trump and Paddock are guaranteed for p-e-r-m-a-n-e-n-t fit, or your money back.

**NEW!** *The world’s largest-selling shirt, TRUMP, is now made in stripes. Here’s something smart and new and different. Trump now comes in pin stripes in a large variety of smart colors and “repeats” on white. You’ll undoubtedly want some of these new Trumps in addition to the ones in white and over-all colors.*

**TRUMP**  
(white or colors or stripes) **\$1.95**



**PADDOCK**  
(white or colors) **\$2.50**

# ARROW Sanforized Shrunk SHIRTS







